

SISTER NOT SPOILED BY AGED WOMAN

By Coffin of Dead Relative
She Denies Story of
Desertion.

BOTH ONCE WEALTHY.

Touching Self-Denial Shown by
Proud Daughter of the
Revolution.

In a cold, cheerless, comfortable room at No. 558 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street a gray-haired woman has been keeping a low-keyed vigil beside a black-drawn coffin. She is Miss Frances Van Dolsen, and the body in the coffin is that of her sister Mathilda, both descendants of a distinguished line, granddaughters of Henry Van Dolsen, an officer on the staff of Gen. Washington during the Revolutionary War, and daughters of William Van Dolsen.

In the death of Mathilda Van Dolsen a pathetic story of pride and poverty, self-denial and independence has been told for the first time. The descendants of a wealthy and prominent race, belles in their girlhood and associated with the gay life of New York fifty years ago, the pitiful picture in the miserable little Bronx flat is a contrast which the two proud sisters have been struggling for years to keep from the public.

Only a Dog for Company.
When an Evening World reporter called at the bare and dismal flat only a pet pug dog, whining and crying at the foot of the coffin, kept the lonely sister, sitting dry-eyed and broken-hearted, company.

Mathilda Van Dolsen died yesterday morning, and since then Frances has watched alone. Even when death has revealed the secret of what Frances Van Dolsen, with a pride that would melt the hardest heart, refused to admit that either she or her sister ever had felt the pinches of poverty.

"We are descendants of a proud Revolutionary family," said the aged woman, her wrinkled face twitching with emotion. "Let it never be said that we were destitute. My sister and I have lived together all our lives. We never have complained of poverty. Why should we be accused of it now? What would my poor sister lying there dead think of me if she knew what I am doing for her?"

When the two lonely sisters, aged seventy-two and sixty-eight, lost their father, twenty-five years ago they inherited a little property, but this has all been run through with.

Proud of Her Grandfather.

William Van Dolsen was in the Custom-House, but his large family of eleven children consumed nearly all his means. The granddaughters of these two boys, who were known for their bravery in the war of the Revolution, and the old pension papers, which the two sisters have with pride, state that he was twice wounded and twice taken prisoner.

On the walls of the miserable room, where the two sisters have lived for years, are many old pictures. One of them is a portrait of Henry Van Dolsen, a relic of Revolutionary times. The other is a picture of a man in a military uniform, which the two sisters have with pride, state that he was twice wounded and twice taken prisoner.

No evidences of breakfast were at hand and although Frances Van Dolsen says her sister ate a stomach trouble the neighbors shake their heads and say starvation.

Will Not Admit Poverty.

That any suspicion of poverty should exist on their part is the one dread of the poor lady old woman. "Why," she said, with a forced smile, "our surroundings do not look attractive, but we have no complaint of moving. You must understand that we were not poor. Why, we had plenty and we were very happy. My sister's death has been a sad blow to me, but it is made more bitter by the suspicion that we, the descendants of a proud family, are reduced to poverty. It is not so! It is not so!"

As the feeble old woman spoke, the pet pug dog, which had been lying back and forth between the casket and the remaining mistress.

Neighbors say that only death could have wrung from the sisters the story of their destitution and that the sturdy denial of want made by the remaining sister is nothing more than the family pride and bravery shown in the ancestor, Henry Van Dolsen.

Proud to the Last.

Neighbors tell of doors politely closed upon them for the past three months. The supplies being carried into the house and of the two lone sisters, trying more and more away from their friends, while their faces showed daily signs of privation. Of late, the two sisters have been refused with an assertion that nothing was needed. And now, as a result of their pride, one sister lies dead and the other partially affected by paralysis, tells a story in her proud face that only self-repression and denial could write there.

To-day the old woman's hands were white and stiff with the effort to make the cheerless room do honor to the dead sister.

Mathilda never wanted, she never wanted, she never wanted. "We have relatives who have always wanted to help us. What will they think now? They are coming here to-day. I have a mirror and a piece in Jersey, and they are going to care for me. Oh, how they will suffer through this exposure!"

Asks No Help from Anybody.

"My sister Mathilda will be buried in the family plot in Harknesses to-morrow beside my father, and I ask no help from any one. My relative will receive me, if only this small expense does not turn them against me."

At the death of her sister, she told the two sisters vowed never to leave each other. From early girlhood they always were together and the bond between them was stronger than any tie they could form in life.

When the little property left them was gone the two proud ladies, who were born in old Greenwich village, in a hand-to-mouth home, were forced to work. Day after day Frances worked as an agent,

FOUR OF THE BRITISH BEAUTIES WHO ARE AROUSING ADMIRATION ON FESTIVE BROADWAY.



TESSIE HACKNEY. ENID LEONARD. ROSE DELMAR. FLORENCE PLUNKETT.

Dog Never Lacked Food.

Of late neighbors say that food could not have passed their lips often because no supplies were seen going into the house. What scraps they had they fed to the dog, whose devotion to the aged women was more than reciprocated.

The two sisters, refined and cultured, have always remained from mingling much with their relatives. A friend of having their secret shared by the world keeping them alone with the memories of their past position and comfort.

Three years ago Frances Van Dolsen was stricken with paralysis and the doctor who was called in urged her to go to the hospital.

She refused to leave the house without her sister, and throughout her illness Mathilda nursed her. Sick and bedridden, she stood alone, refusing aid from even her relatives. If any family servant brought them together Miss Frances Van Dolsen refused to admit it.

"We Had Each Other."

"We loved each other and my other sister was married. There was no family disunion. In fact, my sister will be here to-day to make arrangements for the funeral."

No doctor was called in when Mathilda Van Dolsen died and the sight of the aged woman lying in the coffin tells plain that words that lack of food must have had something to do with the aged woman's death.

The proud sister, who refused to be helped by her relatives, died alone, and her body was found by the neighbors who had been called in to help her.

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PRETTY GIRLS FROM ENGLAND 'DO' BROADWAY

Members of Veronique Company Are Enjoying a Lively Time in Gay New York.

The twenty pretty girls who arrived here from London on Sunday have got over the rolling motion of the ship that brought them over and are reveling in the glories of Broadway these few afternoon.

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JURY CLEARS MAN WHO GOT IN WRONG FLAT

Chaffee, Harvard Graduate, Climbed Fire Escape and Was Arrested as Burglar.

Ernest B. Chaffee, who said he was a graduate of Harvard University, was acquitted to-day by a jury in Judge McMahon's branch of the Court of General Sessions, where he was tried on a charge of burglary.

"My wife awakened me at 2 o'clock on the morning of July 15 last," said Chaffee, who lives on the first floor of the apartment-house at No. 51 Manhattan avenue, "and said she heard a burglar. I jumped from bed in time to grapple with this man. I held him until a policeman came, in response to my wife's screams from a room window."

When Chaffee was put on the stand he testified:

"I had been in the habit of returning home late at night. On this occasion I had dined at the Harvard Club and when I reached home I discovered that I had left my keys in my day suit. Not having any family, I climbed the fire-escape in the rear. I live over the Cross family. I entered their apartment instead of my own. When Mrs. Cross's maid saw me, I thought it was a burglar in my own home."

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GOV. HIGGINS IN DEFENSE OF HIS OFFICIALS

Declares He Cannot Remove
Hendricks or Kilburn, and Believes in Their Honesty.

(Special to The Evening World.)
ALBANY, Oct. 24.—Gov. Higgins replied to-day to demands made on him for the removal of Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks and Banking Superintendent Kilburn. He said he had no power to remove either.

"No change," said the Governor, "has yet been filed with me against either the Superintendent of Insurance or the Superintendent of Banks which I deem sufficient to warrant me in recommending to the Senate their removal."

The Governor has been annoyed by the criticism passed on him in connection with Hendricks and Kilburn. He showed clearly to-day that he resented it.

"I would not delay one minute in recommending the removal of a public officer if I thought he had been lax in the performance of his duty," he declared.

The Governor believes absolutely in the honesty of Supt. Hendricks. Kilburn has also persuaded him that the acts complained of in his case were performed for the benefit of all the depositors and not for a favored few.

Gov. Higgins made plain to-day his personal interest in the fight for Speaker of the Assembly to succeed the late S. Alfred Nixon.

"If any candidate," said the Governor, "whose qualifications fell short of those which the public demands, should develop sufficient strength to insure his election, I shall oppose him openly. I may do more, but I shall not consider the matter until after the general election, for some of the old assemblymen may not be elected, and then new men are qualified to fill Speaker's chair may be sent to Albany."

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